

# A STAR FOR CADIC

Drawings by W. M. Berger

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN



"And then it proved that King Grallon's steed was in truth no horse—but a nightmare!"

**B**LLOWED back by the upstart newer buildings of the marketplace, the Lion d'Or hung out its creaking sign inconspicuously. It was probably the crookedest, craziest, most inconvenient little inn of old Brittany, redeemed by unexpected picturesqueness without and within.

The newer hotels, advertising expensive modern conveniences and furnishing bad food, crowded along the quay, much frequented by the tourist. The Lion d'Or, on the contrary, provided excellent food at small prices to a few canny commercial men and artists who loved its quaintness and its neighborhood to the cathedral and the paintable quarter of the town.

Felix Cadic, the burly innkeeper, stood with arms akimbo beneath the tarnished lion on the faded red signboard, and sulkily watched the desirable tourists come and go across the square, with scarcely a glance at the peaked slate roof, half-timbered front, and projecting second story of the ancient Lion d'Or. Cadic wore the much-buttoned waistcoat and baggy trousers of the province, unashamed. He was of the old time, with all its prejudices and predilections, a *Breton-Bretonnant*.

"Curse them!" he exclaimed under his breath in the vernacular. "A flock of silly sheep! See their eyes glued to the stupid little red book! Watch them seeking for the curiosities like the German pig has seen fit to mark with a star! I could tell 'em where more stars should be; but who would listen? Pah! Gladly would I with my stout fist make them see stars, whereafter all things would appear the same to them!"

A gay party of Parisians emerged from the cathedral and motored away toward the quay.

"There they go!" scolded the big fellow, shaking his

fist after them. "Always they go, seeking those vile hosteries which are favored by the stars! French or English, it is all the same. And who comes to the poor old Lion d'Or nowadays? Ah! Curse the stupid foreigners, and the little red book with its false astrology of stars and double-stars! Curse the Mayor and Council also who conspire against me and my inn! Does it not deserve a star as well as any of them?"

Felix Cadic was in a pessimistic mood. Under his bushy black brows his eyes glowed fiercely, and his sturdy frame quivered with hurt pride and jealousy. A white pigeon fluttered down from the cathedral porch, picked up a crumb from the ground at his feet, and fluttered away again. Cadic stared and crossed himself.

"Saint Jo'n of the Birds send me luck!" he exclaimed. "I need it badly enough. Ah, here come my Americans!"

A change came over Cadic as the artist Ives and his young son Arthur appeared, walking briskly from the direction of the station.

"Oh, Monsieur!" cried Cadic, advancing to greet them with a flourish, and becoming almost French in his suavity. "*Bon soir, mon petit!* You are in good time. There is yet an hour before the dinner. You will take a syrup, yes? My faith! What fine weather for your trip! And how found you the wicked rocks of Finistère, Monsieur?"

Cadic talked while he was bustling in and out bringing the siphon and glasses. The two guests had seated themselves at one of the little iron tables beneath the swinging signboard.

"Magnificent! Superb!" cried the artist. "Finistère is indeed the crowning success of our journey. I shall go again to paint there. But the wonder of it, the charm that enchains me! It is a mysterious land, this Brittany

of yours, Monsieur Cadic. One never knows what may happen next."

Arthur, yielding to the fascination of the fizzing siphon, listened with one ear.

"Ah! A mystery indeed!" Cadic rubbed his hands and wagged his head, his eyes gleaming. "You have but seen a half, you have but felt a quarter, of that mystery, Monsieur. I could tell you and the boy. How found he the terrible Bay de Tr. passées? Heard he there the voice of the siren, that he looks so wild? Knows he the story of the buried city? Yes, but naturally!"

Ives looked across at the boy, whose face, with flushed and shining eyes, was now turned eagerly to them. "But yes," nodded Ives. "Our red-shirted guide at the point related to us the story, while we were creeping like veritable chamois down these devilish rocks. The wild tale has greatly excited my son. Arthur is hardly able to talk of anything else."

The remark acted like the pressing of an electric button. For the benefit of his host, the boy, who was about ten years old, began to repeat the tale in rapid French learned from his dead mother.

"The water rose higher and higher," he explained, "and the King Grallon mounted his white charger and galloped from the danger as fast as possible. But his wicked daughter clung behind him, and the waves tried to catch and drown her, she was so bad. The water rose and rose about the white steed, and the King was in great peril. Then the good man who was the King's friend begged him to thrust away the wicked lady and he would be saved. But at first the King would not. Till at last when there was no other hope he threw her, chug! into the water. Then the waves stopped rising, and the King was safe. But his beautiful city was

buried forever beneath the bay. Sometimes they hear the bells ringing in the church steeples under the water. I thought I heard them today."

Arthur's cheeks were rosier than ever as he finished the narrative. With arms folded and bent brows Cadic listened as intently as if he were hearing the old legend for the first time.

"*Bien, mon enfant!* Well told!" he beamed, when it was finished. "It is marvelous how well the little American has learned our story, the finest tale of old Bretagne. And look you, my boy," he pointed across the marketplace to the cathedral which reared graceful twin spires into the blue Brittany sky, "do you observe a statue up there between the towers, the statue of one on horseback?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the boy eagerly. "I saw him yesterday, when we first came here. Who is it, Monsieur Cadic?"

"That," said Cadic impressively, "that is the statue of King Grallon himself, looking down over this new town—eighteen hundred years new—toward the sea which has buried the city of his first home."

"Oh, Father!" cried Arthur in English. "How bully! Can't we go up to see it closer? Let's go now!"

"May one climb up to the statue?" asked Ives of his host, yawning.

"But certainly, Monsieur," said Cadic. "Is it not worth seeing, indeed? Is it not a boon that one views it so splendidly from the very windows of the Lion d'Or? Ah, but this was indeed a place of vantage in the good old days when we had still the festival of King Grallon's steed!"

"The festival of King Grallon's steed! Oh, what does that mean, Monsieur Cadic?" begged Arthur.

"Nay, then!" Cadic grew eloquent. "In the old days at this time of the year—by Saint Corentin! tomorrow is the very day!—we used to have a grand fête in the town. Those were the palmy days for the Lion d'Or! Folk came from all Bretagne—nay, from all France—to witness the ceremony. Every room at the inn was engaged for weeks ahead. Every window had its golden price. In those days everybody who was anybody lodged at the Lion d'Or—my faith! where else? No need for us to be marked with a star!" Cadic sneered and tossed a thumb toward his rivals on the quay.

"What did they at the fête, Monsieur?" Arthur's eyes were wide in hope of another story. With folded arms and eyes fixed on the sculptured group, Cadic dilated upon his favorite subject.

"Early in the morning of the day,—the anniversary of the submersion of Ys,—amid a concert of music and song, he who was appointed to the task climbed to the platform between the towers with a chalice of wine in his hand, and seated himself upon the horse behind

King Grallon. He held the silver cup to the King's lips; then, after draining it himself, he passed it into the crowd, which scrambled for its possession. Ah, what excitement! I have in my office, Monsieur, the last cup which was so thrown. My grandfather was the fortunate winner of the prize. That was twenty-five years ago. Does not the Lion d'Or deserve to be marked with a star, if for that alone?"

"Oh, Monsieur Cadic! Will they to the cup tomorrow?" asked Arthur. "Our window looks out upon the square in a way most convenient."

The host shook his head. "No, Monsieur. The old custom has passed away, like many a custom which used to bring trade and fill the town with strangers."

"It is a pity," said the artist thoughtfully, "a pity to lose these quaint customs. They ought to revive this one, for every reason."

"You say truly, Monsieur," agreed Cadic emphatically. "The town has suffered since the fish market has fallen off outrageously. Nay, the port gets almost no herring nowadays! I believe mysteriously, 'it is because the old custom has been suffered to lapse. I believe there was some charm in it, as our ancestors thought. It brought the fishes." Arthur looked puzzled.

"It was in effect a fête of the sea; and now that it is given up, the fishes are displeased and shun our waters. I am not the only one who thinks so," Cadic wagged his head knowingly. "I would have the festival revived. I would myself gladly subscribe for the annual silver cup: it would be worth more than that to my trade. But there is an influence against me. There are men on our City Council hand in glove with those newer hotels on the quay. They declare that all fêtes be celebrated there." Cadic waved his hand disparagingly toward the river.

"Graft! Graft even in this primeval land!" murmured the artist to himself. "Well, come on, Arthur. If we are going to climb the tower before dinner, we had best be on the way. There is never so much light in these dusky cathedrals."

"Monsieur wishes to go up there?" Cadic nodded toward the stone horse and rider. "Yes, I will accompany you. Here is the key of the tower door. The verger has one; but a duplicate has never been kept here."

Cadic took the key from the nail in the front door, while Arthur watched eagerly.

THEY crossed the marketplace and passed under the great carved porch, through the silent cathedral, with its remote, twinkling lights and faintly colored glass. There were few folk about: it was too near the

hour of the peasant's simple supper and the tripper's table d'hôte.

The tower was in the southwestern angle of the nave. The key fitted easily, and presently the three were clambering the dizzy corkscrew stairs of stone. "One hundred and eighty-four," counted Arthur, as they mounted the last stair and stepped out upon the platform above the west end of the nave.

When they stood on the verge all Brittany seemed spread at their feet, teeming with legend and magic lore. Beyond the quaint gray gables of the town and the green slopes of its mount, the river wound down toward the sea. On each hand rose the lacy, pinnacled towers. But it was the carved group in front that enchanted the interest of Arthur Ives.

"Behold! The statue of King Grallon!" exclaimed Cadic, uncovering his head with a grand gesture.

The giant horse and his giant rider, a King in his crown, stood on the verge of the platform, gazing down over the marketplace toward the sea which had buried the beautiful city of Ys.

"I want to sit on the horse as the man used to do," said Arthur unexpectedly. "I want to know how it felt." Cadic uttered an involuntary exclamation and sprang forward. What would these mad Americans do next?

"No, I can climb up by myself all right," Arthur rejected his father's proffered hand and scrambled agilely to the broad back of the stone quadruped. But Ives and Cadic each secretly grasped a corner of the boy's little jacket and held it firmly. Cadic had turned pale; but he said nothing. It was not his business to expostulate with the careless father of adventurous sons.

Arthur clung about the waist of the stone King. "Gee! it's high up here, isn't it? It makes me dizzy to look down," he said, closing his eyes. Propped by the other two, he could not fall. "It gives you the queerest feeling," said Arthur. "It seems as if I was part of a fairy tale."

"Yes—you had better take care!" his father teased. "You might get into a story and not be able to get out again. How would you like to turn to stone and spend the rest of your days up here, Arthur?"

The boy laughed rather nervously. "I guess I'll be getting down now," he said. "It makes me have creeps in my toes."

Cadic had been waiting patiently, with both hands clutched in Arthur's tweeds. He too had closed his eyes. It made him dizzy to see the boy on that aerial perch. "Has the little man seen enough?" he asked rather tremulously, as Arthur stood once more firmly upon the platform. "We are one hundred feet above the marketplace—quite a tumble! It was from here the last cupbearer fell."

"Fell!" exclaimed Ives with a shudder. "You did not mention that before. How was it?"

"Hervé Gloanec was perhaps not quite steady that morning," explained Cadic. "He had been celebrating the night before—what would you? He drank off the wine; but when he came to toss the cup—the same which my grandfather won, and which I have in my possession to this day—he lost his balance and fell down into the square. The market being crowded with citizens made it most unpleasant. *Là! Là!*"

"Did it kill him?" queried Arthur.

"But certainly, my boy," answered Cadic. "His neck was broken."

"Come, let us go down," said Ives hastily. "I've had enough of this. I take it that is one reason why they came to give up the ancient festival. I would never have let you climb upon the back of that horse if I had heard the story first, Arthur."

"I'm glad you didn't hear it first, then," laughed Arthur. "But I want to see the famous silver cup. Will you let me see it, Monsieur Cadic?"

"But yes, certainly," replied Cadic. "Come to my office after the dinner and I will show it to you. It is very well worth seeing, I assure you. But listen! The chimes are beginning to ring. We must hurry, or I shall be late to preside at the serving of the soup."

"Boom!" went the great cathedral bell as they crossed the square. Seven times it boomed. On the signal, table d'hôte was served in many elaborate dining rooms along the quay. But the half-dozen guests of the Lion d'Or had to wait a bit for their excellent little dinner, owing to the unprecedented fact that mine host himself was late.

THE cathedral bell boomed nine. "Come, time for boys to be in bed!" said Ives.

Unwillingly, though he was very tired, Arthur handed back the silver goblet that Cadic had been showing him, and climbed the steep staircase to bed. The floor of the queer little chamber was so far from level that he staggered as he crossed it. The low, dark

Continued on page 16



"The excited populace pushed the trembling lad toward him."





## For your baby's sake be glad you live in this enlightened age

Be glad that you live in this day when mothers of America are united in the movement for "Better Babies"—when we have learned how to keep our little ones and raise them to healthy manhood and womanhood. In the old days of Queen Elizabeth, the mother who could not give her baby breast milk, helplessly watched him die, for there was no other food to give him, not even such a thing as a nursing bottle. Later, when mothers gave their babies cow's milk, it was almost as bad. For it took many years to learn that it was from disease and impurities in cow's milk that most babies died.

## Nestlé's Food

In one of our States, where the laws are strict, there's a tubercular cow for nearly every baby in the State; and throughout the land there are so many dirty dairies!

We have learned that mother's milk is best, and that the only food to give the baby in its place is one that will fill the baby's needs exactly and be as pure as mother's milk itself. Nestlé's Food is most like mother's milk and just as safe, because no cow's milk must be added to prepare it. You simply add water and boil.

Nestlé's is a Complete Food—not one to which you must add cow's milk. Nestlé's is made from the milk of healthy cows, in Sanitary Dairies. All the heavy parts, harmful to the baby, have been so modified that the curd is soft and digestible as in mother's milk. Then, other food elements your baby needs, and that are not in cow's milk, are added.

Our grandmothers began to use it; our mothers used more of it; in the last seven years, five times as many mothers have come to use it. So, with the growth of "Better Babies" grows the use of NESTLÉ'S.

Send this "Better Baby" Card—and it's free!—containing 12 feedings FREE and our Book on "The Care and Feeding of Better Babies."

NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY,  
237 Broadway, New York.

Please send me, FREE, your book and trial package.

Name.....  
Address.....

## Waterman PORTO Does It

Makes any boat a motor boat. 1914 Model, 3 H. P. Weight 59 lbs. Sold direct from Factory to you, freight paid. Save Agent's profit.

The Waterman PORTO is the original outboard motor. Ninth year—\$2,000 in use. Guaranteed for life. Fits any shaped stern; has carburetor—and "sailing valve"; Three Flange Rings instead of One; Removable Phosphor Bronze Bearings; Solid Bronze Skeg, protecting 10 1/2 in. Propeller. Seers by rudder from any part of boat. Water-cooled Exhaust Manifold; Noiseless under-water Exhaust; Inboard Gear Water Pump; Sun-copper Water Jacket; any ignition equipment desired.

DEMAND these essentials in an outboard motor, or you won't get your money's worth.

Write Today for Free Engine Book.

Waterman Marine Motor Co., 224 N. Elston Ave., Detroit, Mich.

## MOTOR-BOAT \$91.00

A complete 14 H. P. V-Belted, Positively Leaking with 2 1/2 H. P. engine all ready to run. Also complete set of Sailing & Power Boat of your own. We are making immediate delivery.

Send for Special Bulletin No. 17. Waterman Marine Motor Co., 224 N. Elston Ave., Detroit, Mich.

proposition so well in hand as you have. But another great objection is that my partner, Mr. Bidwell, is teetotally opposed to any further changes. I don't mind telling you that it was a sad blow to him when we added a haberdashery department."

"May I talk with him?" asked Coe eagerly. Thompson smiled and shook his head. "No, I think you had better leave him to me. I'll talk it over and see what he thinks about it. Come in again in a few days."

COE felt that he had made a good start, at least. The next morning, Fortune, gratified at the good use he had made of her tip, gave him another. A western customer of Burley & Co.'s whom Coe knew dropped in.

"You handle Lord & Thompson's clothing, don't you, Mr. Crawford?" Coe asked, after the howd'ye's were over.

"Sure, I'm the agent for them in my city. Why?"

Coe outlined to him what he was trying to put over, and suggested that it would be a big lift if Crawford would make it a point to see Bidwell and casually bring up the subject of hats during the conversation. He could then tell him what his experience had been with a hat department, and, incidentally, what high-class merchandise Coe's house turned out.

Crawford cordially fell in with the plan, and felt the oldtime fighting blood in his veins. He liked young Coe, and he had the greatest respect and regard for Lord & Thompson, as well as for Burley & Co. He wanted to see the thing go through.

Crawford carried out his agreement with promptness and enthusiasm. He called on Bidwell, and tactfully leading up to the subject did his best to convince him that the tendency of the times was in the right direction, and that the following of one rut for fifty years sometimes led to the ditch instead of to the high road. Bidwell looked at him over his spectacles, pursed up his lips as if about to whistle, but changed his mind and spoke instead.

"It's all right from your standpoint, Crawford," said he; "but we've done pretty well, and I don't believe in changing a policy that has worked well for fifty years just because your neighbor sells gimcracks of all kinds. The next thing it will be shoes, and then crockery and glassware, and goodness knows what! No, the old way suits me. As long as I have anything to say about it there shall be no further departures from the traditions of the house."

Crawford could not budge the old fellow from his decision, and while Thompson listened with interest to his experience and advice he left with the impression that Coe had a hopeless task.

It is worth noting that this incident made Crawford himself a more interested customer of Coe's house. It is vastly more effective as a binding force to put yourself under obligation to a customer than it is to have your customer under obligation to you. It is more blessed to give than it is to receive, and when you have put your man in the way of doing you a good turn you have furnished him with a powerful incentive to keep it up.

Crawford's report only made Coe the more determined. He held frequent conferences with Hale, the haberdashery manager, and called at intervals on Thompson. He managed to inject a new argument into every interview or hammered home the points he had made. Bidwell's influence was still potent enough to block effective progress; but Coe was encouraged at times when he thought he saw a growing restiveness on the part of Thompson.

ONE morning Coe held out his card to the elevator man, who shook his head and said, "I wouldn't send that up now if I was you, Sir. Mr. Roger and old man Bidwell is havin' it out in the office. Wait awhile," and with a wink at Coe, he pulled the wire rope to answer a violent ring from the fourth floor.

He came down presently, and Bidwell, with his old-fashioned silk hat firmly set on his head, fairly burst from the elevator. His face was almost as gray as his hair, and, glaring at Coe, he strode through the street door and closed it after him as though he never expected to enter it again. Coe wisely concluded that his visit to Thompson had better be postponed.

The next morning he picked up a copy of the Daily Trade Review and read with growing interest and enthusiasm:

The trade was surprised to learn yesterday of the decision of Mr. Jonas Bidwell to retire from the firm of Lord & Thompson. His interest has been purchased by Mr. Roger Thompson. It is said that a number of changes will be made in the policy of the house.

A telephone message summoned Coe to Thompson's office. There was an unwanted snap in Thompson's eyes, and his square

jaw was a little more firmly set as he said to Jimmy:

"Coe, we're going to put in a hat department. It's a reorganization of the oldest business in the house to do it; but—when will you be ready to show Hale your samples?"

JIMMY COE represents one type of Western salesman. Ralph Lyon is another. Lyon was sent into new territory for a firm that advertised its product nationally. He knew very little more about hats than that they were worn on the head; but he had studied publicity. He talked the advertising man through the hats. He laid himself out to show that a factory which assumed all the responsibility by trademarking its product and telling people how good it was must make its stuff right. He made sales.

Lyon had a good customer, John Arrison, who was better satisfied with the progress of his hat department than Lyon was. Hats were a more incident in the total business of the establishment. As long as the conspicuous department paid its way Arrison was satisfied to look on it as a feeder for his other activities.

As the net sings,—  
Man's life is of man's life a thing apart;  
'Tis woman's whole existence.—

so hats were of this man's life a thing apart. They were Lyon's whole existence, and it was up to him to make things move if this particular hat department was to contribute what it should to his existence. But Arrison's conservatism was a stone wall.

Lyon had almost lost hope, when he learned that Arrison had taken the small store adjoining his establishment and placed his hat department in this addition. The front of the addition had been made over to conform to the general architecture of the main establishment, and what had formerly been the entrance was transformed into show windows. Access was by an archway cut through from the main store.

Arrison greeted Lyon rather gruffly, and grudgingly pointed to a chair. He looked inquiringly at his visitor.

## A STAR FOR CADIC

Continued from page 4

beams overhead seemed threatening to close down upon him. And the great fat bed itself gave under him like unsubstantial waves. Before jumping in for good Arthur gave one last look out of the little leaded casement at the cathedral facade, vivid in the moonlight. King Grallon, astride his faithful charger, stood out in bold relief. "One hundred feet up in the air!" mused Arthur, as he tumbled into the yielding feathers. "He would be safe from any flood up there, wouldn't he?" And this last thought was in his mind when shortly afterward he dropped off to sleep.

It was considerably later when Ives, who had been making a study of the cathedral by moonlight, stole to the other little bed, close by the window. His coming did not wake Arthur; they were both sound sleepers.

Toward morning it grew cold, as August nights often do in Brittany. Arthur shivered in bed and pulled up the clothing about his ears. He had no thoughtful mother to prearrange a steamer rug for such contingencies. Soon his bare feet were chilled to the bone.

And then it proved that King Grallon's steed was in truth no horse—but a nightmare! His spirit seized upon Arthur, and there was no more peace for him that night.

Colder and colder grew his feet. The icy waves were rising! The water was over his ankles—it was creeping, creeping up to his waist! He knew that he must hurry; the city was being submerged! There was but one coil of safety. Arthur rose, wide-eyed but unshaking. He crossed the precarious floor so softly that his father did not waken, crept out at the door and down the crazy staircase. There was no one stirring in the front part of the inn; though energetic sounds arose from the courtyard behind. The servants, who had never heard of an eight-hour limit, were just beginning their long day.

Arthur crept into the dark office of Felix Cadic, the cabinet where the landlord kept the legendary chalice that he had shown to Arthur a few hours earlier. Yes, the door was unlocked. King Grallon's capital had not yet acquired the habit of distrustfulness that proves a metropolis. Dreamily Arthur took the old silver cup, chased with some mysterious rune in the Breton tongue, and with it in his left hand groped his way down the passage to the front door. His hand fumbled with a nail in the wall. The key was where he had seen it that afternoon. It was in his grasp now.

Armed as to each hand, but with the rest

Lyon jumped into his subject without any preliminary sparring. "It's too bad, Mr. Arrison, that you did not put a door in your hat department instead of having the front all windows. It would have been worth thousands of dollars in sales."

"Now look here, Lyon!" Arrison replied testily. "We don't need anybody to tell us what to do after the job is finished. At any rate, my profits at the end of the year will not be seriously affected by the sale of a few more or a few less hats. My other departments are much more important, and I arranged the entrance to the hat department so that a man in going there would see other goods and be induced to buy. It would be necessary to have a man at the door if we had a special entrance, and the department could not stand the expense."

"I don't believe you will suffer financially if you don't increase your hat sales," replied Lyon. "But, Mr. Arrison, your pride will suffer, and your reputation as a leading merchant will suffer. You cannot afford to be a second or third rater in any part of your business. Lots of people will judge your whole establishment by your hat department. Just as sure as shooting, if your prestige is not to suffer, you must strengthen your business at the weakest point, and that's hats. As the leading merchant in your line in the city, you have no right to be satisfied so long as somebody is beating you to it in any department. You must either get into the hat business or get out of it," he concluded bluntly.

He saw that his appeal to Arrison's pride of leadership had struck the right string. "Inside of six months the door will be cut through and the goods well advertised," Lyon told the hat man on his way out.

When Lyon came along on his next trip he entered Arrison's crowded hat department through the new door, and watched the customers stream in and ask for the new hats advertised that morning.

Lyon made a big customer out of an indifferent one by the application of the Golden Rule of salesmanship.

of his person very informally clad, Arthur now made his way out of the front door, which swung easily, without noise. Hastily he crossed the empty square, dim in the half-light of early dawn, and pushed open the never-fastened door of the cathedral. The interior was dim, save for the red light in some perpetually honored shrine. Shade or shine were the same to Arthur now. With the certainty of recent knowledge he crossed the nave to the tower door, turned the key in the lock, and began painfully to climb the dizzy stairs.

The waves were overtaking him! He must hurry, hurry! Why did it take so long? His feet seemed turned to stone. How should he escape from the pursuing water? Mechanically he counted "One hundred eighty-three—one hundred eighty-four!" His cold feet touched the platform at last. Out of breath and trembling, he crossed the platform to the spot where the stone King still stood gazing calmly toward the grave of his buried hopes. The sculptured group was gray in the gray dawn, looming ghostly. Far below a few figures were beginning to creep like ants about the marketplace as Arthur climbed stiffly on the back of King Grallon's steed. In his little pajamas he was shivering from head to foot with cold and fear. He felt the icy water about his shoulders. He must be quick, quick!

Arthur clutched the silver goblet convulsively in his left hand. It handicapped him in climbing, and he was very clumsy, moving as if he were indeed turning to stone, as his father had suggested. The waves frothed at his heels, they leaped up to his throat! Would they submerge him entirely? Yes, if he did not hurry faster. But he could not hurry. Ah! He was up at last! He was clinging about the waist of the stone King! He was almost safe!

"Boom!" What was that giant voice? "Boom! Boom!" Other voices were rising in the marketplace; but they did not penetrate the ears of him riding the nightmare: only the hoarse-throated call that he had heard the night before, which now bade him hurl the chalice. "Boom! Boom!" He must be quick!

Arthur leaned forward with the goblet in his hand. He tossed it out with all his force into the sea of space. As he did so the nightmare threw him off. He woke—he reeled—

FATIGUED by his unusual agility on the rocks of Finistère, Ives slept heavily. He heard nothing, he was conscious of nothing, till a strange sound like the murmuring



of bees came to him in his sleep. The noise grew louder. It became distinguishable as hoarse shouts and exclamations which sounded very near, and finally aroused him. He turned over on his side. Yes, the sounds came from the marketplace directly under his window. Ives jumped up hastily and peered out.

The square was filled with people,—women in wonderful white caps and medieval ruffs with brocaded aprons and with market baskets on their arms; men in impossibly gorgeous jackets of blue and orange, with beribboned sombreros. They seemed a comic opera chorus in full stage, with the soaring cathedral, rosy in the morning light, forming a miraculous back curtain.

Evidently it was market day: some booths were already set up in the square. But what ailed all the folk, gazing upward as if rapt? Ives raised his eyes also, whither all eyes were turning, to the group of King Grallon and his steed, midway of the lacy towers.

Good heavens! What was that little pale figure, strangely clad, conspicuous in the sunlight against the stone? Ives gazed a moment stupefied, then turned quickly to the cot across the room from his own. Empty! How Ives crossed the marketplace he never knew. He had a vague sense of voices repeating strange things,—“The goblet! The goblet!” “The ghost of Gloanec with the goblet! Behold the miracle! Ah-h-h!”

Ives dashed up the interminable stairs. Like Arthur, he numbered them, remembering, “One hundred eighty-three—eighty-four!” He dashed out upon the platform. The sun, rising over the tops of the houses, fell full upon the little gray figure clinging to the stone horse's back. As the father stumbled forward, gasping for breath, the great clock in the neighboring tower spoke solemnly,—the voice that Arthur heard, even in his dream.

“Boom! Boom!” At the moment Ives saw his son lean unsteadily forward toward the imminent verge, raise his arm, and toss something out into space. Almost immediately Arthur reeled, lost his balance, and gave a frightened scream.

In one awful moment Ives was at the horse's side, caught Arthur in his arms as he fell, and staggered back upon the platform. His boy was safe. That was all he understood of this horror.

They made their way back to the Lion d'Or through a side door of the cathedral and a dark alley. The crowd did not notice them. They were too busy staring upward, gesticulating and exclaiming. A strange awe seemed to have seized them. Arthur and his father were soon safe in their chamber, and the boy was put to bed.

FROM the window Ives soon saw a crowd besieging the door of the Lion d'Or. Felix Cadie appeared upon the threshold, disheveled, rubbing his eyes. The excited populace pushed toward him a lad bearing something in his hand. “Look! Look, Cadie!” they cried.

“*Tonnerre!*” exclaimed the innkeeper in amazement. “It is my precious silver chalice! René Jaffro, how came you by it?”

“It was this which the rider upon King Grallon's horse tossed into the street just now,” cried the frightened boy. “I caught it after it struck the pavement.”

Cadie took the chalice and gazed at it thoughtfully. “It is a miracle!” he said at last. Murmurs from the crowd confirmed the sentiment.

An old woman stepped forward. “Lo, it is King Grallon's Day!” she cried in quavering falsetto. “And who has come to remind us, we who forget? Who but the ghost of Gloanec, who broke his neck there seventy-five years ago? I saw that when I was a child. And today I saw him throw the goblet once again. He was there—and again he was not there! This is the same goblet. Felix Cadie, what does it mean?”

The murmuring crowd jostled about the mysterious cup. These were strange doings in King Grallon's town! To be sure, these Breton folk were used to strange doings. The neighborhood of Finistère was not likely to be smitten silly by one miracle added to the hundreds among its chronicles. And yet—and yet—when had the eye of man seen a miracle so obvious? They were not the sort to seek a rational explanation of the mystery.

“Aye, it is a miracle,” said Cadie solemnly. “Did I not tell you that this day ought to be kept as a festival by King Grallon's town? Does it need that one dead should come back to prove it to you? You will see that I am right! Let us wait upon the Mayor and tell him what has happened. Let us inform the Council that once for all we have a sign as to how the day must be kept in future.”

“Aye, we will do so!” cried the crowd, nodding earnestly to one another. “Let us go!” “A little later,” suggested Cadie. “It is early yet. Let us wait till their Excellencies have breakfasted and are in good humor.

Then I myself will accompany you to the Mayor's house, bearing this chalice as our talisman.”

“Aye, aye! You shall lead us, Felix Cadie!” cried the people. “It is the Lion d'Or which has been honored with a miracle!”

AWED and impressed, the crowd scattered into groups around the market, to spread the information and confirm the story. But Felix Cadie, canny man, lost no time in making his way up the rickety stairs to the room of his American guests. He listened and knocked. Ives opened to him.

“Ah?” said Cadie with questioning eyebrows as he spied Arthur in bed, still pale and bewildered. “Monsieur, you have heard the excitement—yes?”

Ives returned his look, and they comprehended each other. “Come outside,” he whispered, and then, in answer to an inquiry, “Yes, he walks in his sleep sometimes. He walked last night. He climbed the tower, and I found him mounted on King Grallon's horse.”

“*Tonnerre!* On the horse! I thought it was he!” muttered the innkeeper.

“I caught him as he fell,” said Ives with a sob in his throat. “I was barely in time.”

“Saint Corentin be praised! What an escape for the child!” exclaimed Cadie, crossing himself. “See, Monsieur, I hold the chalice which he tossed into the marketplace. It bears a new dent in its silver side.” He held out the precious cup for the other to see.

“I will repay you for the damage,” said Ives hastily. “Arthur did not mean to do wrong. He was not responsible.”

“Nay, nay, Monsieur!” the innkeeper held up a deprecating hand. “I meant not that. I find no fault. I regret nothing. I only wished to be sure that all was well. Under the protection of the saint, your lad has brought me great luck, Monsieur.”

“Great luck?” Ives stared bewildered.

And Cadie told him the tale that was being circulated from the market at that moment, with the result that was sure to follow.

Even as he spoke arose a shout across the square. Cadie hastened to see what meant this new excitement. Urchins came running, heralds of a burly band; the fishermen were bringing the morning catch to market. A hilarious crew they were, singing, shouting, triumphant.

The crowd hastened to meet them with questions. What full baskets! What tale upon tale of them! What descriptions of the unprecedented catch! Never for generations had there been heard of such fisherman's luck. The nets could hardly hold the prize, it was told. The agents for the great canning factories were in raptures. The fishwives grew hysterical. The fishes had attested the miracle!

IT needed no visit to the Mayor to urge the popular sentiment. The news spread like wildfire. The Council was hastily summoned. Before Cadie had finished beautifying himself for the embassy the Mayor himself came to wait upon the Lion d'Or with congratulations, with promises, with plans for the future. He desired to inspect the precious chalice. He begged that it might be enshrined in the cathedral or placed for safety in the municipal museum, a visible attraction; but Cadie shook his head.

“Nay,” he said politely, “the Lion d'Or will care for it, as hitherto. Let those who desire come here to see. They will be ever welcome. Will not your Excellency honor me by accepting a glass of my cider, of which I am rather proud?”

All that day Felix Cadie and his distracted menage were kept busy drawing cider for the tourists who came in shoals from the hotels on the quay to sit at the little iron tables under the swinging, tarnished signboard. They came to gaze at the statue of Grallon, to see the famous chalice, and to hear the story from the eloquent lips of the host. They stopped, they looked, they listened, surprised and gratified.

“Fine cider!” they observed. “The best we have met in Brittany. A good story—why have we not heard it before? An interesting old inn—why is it not starred in the red book?”

“Ah, why not indeed?” said Cadie, shrugging.

One in a green hat and knickerbockers made a memorandum in his fat notebook. “Monsieur, I will endeavor that it be starred,” he exclaimed in atrocious French.

“Ah-h!” murmured Cadie, not too humbly. “And pray forget not to mention, Monsieur, the fête that will occur hereafter annually at this season. Thank you, Monsieur!”

Ives and his son had taken the morning train for Quimperle and so escaped the excitement that prevailed at the Lion d'Or. But indeed what part had they in the legend that finally won for Cadie the coveted honor of a star?



## Convalescence

After the destroying ravages of fever, Nature struggles in the weakened body to retrench its lost strength. If the constitution be frail, Nature must have help—the best that science knows. Thousands of people, convalescing, or in declining health, or weak constitutionally, have found in

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S  
*Malt-Nutrine*

the source of health returned and in many, many cases found it for the first time. The concentrated blood-enriching Barley-Malt and tonic Sazer-Hops give the body exactly the food it needs.

Your grocer and druggist have it

Malt-Nutrine, when mixed with milk or sparkling water, makes a most palatable and healthful drink. Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Revenue Department a pure malt product, an alcoholic beverage. Contains no opiates, no stimulants, no narcotics.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH—ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

Booklet 20 (beautifully illustrated) sent free on request.

## Excessive Perspiration

Why you need not suffer from it

NOT all perspiration is healthy perspiration.

Your physician will tell you that when excessive perspiration is confined to certain parts of the body, as the armpits, feet, etc., it is usually due to nervous overstimulation of the sweat glands. It is an unnatural condition with which even very healthy persons are often troubled.

This unnatural condition can and should be corrected by local treatment. Odo-ro-no supplies such treatment. It is an unscented toilet water as harmless as Witch Hazel. One application leaves the parts

daintily clean, odorless and naturally dry. It relieves the unnatural perspiration where it is applied, but does not stop the perspiration necessary to health.

Get Odo-ro-no today, and you will get complete relief from the troubles and embarrassment of excessive perspiration. 25c and 50c at all drug and department stores, or direct from us prepaid.

Write for sample

Send 6c in stamps and your dealer's name and we will send you a sample bottle of Odo-ro-no by return mail. Address THE ODORONO CO., 555 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.



**ODO-RO-NO**  
THE TOILET WATER FOR  
EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION

## PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to obtain a Patent and what to have with the application noted and printed office for inventions sent free. Patents advertised by  
**VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.**

## WANTED—AN IDEA!

Who can think of some simple thing to protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Patent Buyer's Bulletin and Millions in Patents sent free. Write today. **RANDOLPH & CO.**  
Patent Attorneys, 798 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

## PATENTS That Protect and Pay

Send Sketch or Model for Search, BOOKS, ADVICE, AND SEARCHES FREE.  
**WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.**

## PATENTS WANTED

For interesting and valuable information about PATENTS wanted by Manufacturers, send 6 cents postage for large illustrated paper Visible Results and Terms Book. **E. E. & A. R. Lacey, Dept. W, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1895.**

95 cents

5 YEAR

GUARANTEE



## Railroad Watch

To attract our business, make our friends and introduce our watches to you, we will send this simple Railroad Watch by mail post paid for ONLY 95 CENTS. Question's time, full watch either plain or decorative in gilt, silver, or steel, same watch and same set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to us with 95 CENTS and watch will be sent by return mail post paid. Distribution guaranteed or money refunded. Send this today. Address **R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO**